

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 21. A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

June 19, 1898.



KEEPING GUARD.

Make yourself necessary to somebody.

EMERSON.

For Every Other Sunday.

A LULLABY.

BY ETTA CARY IDE.

A MOANING comes from the slumbering sea,
But no one hears save you and me.
The soft air throbs with the whisper, Rest.
Sleep, sleep, little one: that is best.

The moan that comes from its great deep heart
Finds in our lives no echo or part.
What care we for the grief of the sea
Here in the twilight, you and me?

God's jewels flash out, one by one,
In the darkened path of the setting sun.
The weary bird softly wings his flight
Home to his nest in the silent night.

While a message comes on each wave-crest,
Lulling my little one to rest.
On drowsy eyes the starlight gleams,
Lighting a path to the world of dreams.

Go on with thy moaning, restless deep:
She hears it not, for she's fast asleep.

*People seldom improve when they have no other
model but themselves to copy after.*

GOLDSMITH.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE HOME OF THE QUEEN REGENT.

BY JANET SANDERSON.

BY presenting one's card and making application to the mayor-domo, or the Intendente de la Casa Real, permission is granted to inspect the Royal Palace at Madrid, where lives the royal woman whom all the world knows in these days, and for whom all hearts are touched.

The guard in the square adjoining the palace is changed every morning at quarter-past ten; and, in planning a visit to the palace, one can easily see this parade and ceremony, which lasts about half an hour.

The palace forms a square of 470 feet. The walls on the south and east side rise 100 feet; but those toward the river Manzanares, from the uneven ground, are more than twice that height. It is built of the beautiful white stone of Colmenar, which looks like marble, in the Tuscan style, having three stories, ornamented with Doric and Ionic columns, with many balconies and galleries.

It was built in 1737 upon the site of the original Alcazar of the Moors, and of a former palace burned in 1734; and Charles III. was the first inhabitant in 1764.

The principal façade, on Plaza de Oriente, has five entrances. The one called del Principe is used by the royal family, whose principal apartments overhang the gardens Campo del Moro, and look out over a fine view of the Guadarrama range of mountains.

The *patio* in the centre, 140 feet square, is surrounded by an open portico of many arches, supporting a gallery above with glass windows of many colors. Four large statues of the four Roman emperors who were natives of Spain—Trajan, Adrian, Honorius, and Theodosius—adorn the court. A magnificent grand staircase of black and white marble, guarded by finely executed marble lions, leads to the palatial halls.

Napoleon, placing his hand on one of these lions, said, when he entered the palace for the first time in 1808, "At last here is this Spain so much desired," and, turning to his brother Joseph, added, "My brother, you have better lodgings than I," then stood some time gazing on a portrait of Philip II.

The paintings on the ceiling represent the triumph of religion and of the Church, to whom Spain offers the trophies and the fruits of the soil. On the first floor are thirty salons, on the usual sumptuous scale of Spanish palaces, with tapestries, paintings, bric-à-brac, in profusion.

There are countless clocks, as Ferdinand VII. and Charles Valike had a mania for collecting time-pieces; and the latter, not being able to make two go alike, observed that it was foolish to make men's heads think the same.

The throne-room is magnificent, after the style of palaces, with a wonderfully decorated ceiling representing the majesty of Spain, different provinces being represented by graceful figures in picturesque costumes. The walls are draped with velvet embroidered with gold, and twelve immense mirrors decorate it.

The library occupies many rooms, and consists of about 100,000 books and manuscripts that an intelligent librarian has been collecting, at the rate of 7,000 books a year, of the most interesting publications of the whole world.

There is a gaudy chapel royal; and tourists are fortunate, if they are at Madrid on Holy Thursday, if they can obtain a card of admission to the *lavatoria* when royalty is engaged in washing the feet of the poor.

At the north of the palace are the stables and coach-houses, which can be seen by applying to the master of the horse, Caballerizo Mayor.

They occupy an extensive area; and, from the uneven ground upon which they are built, the horses and carriages, which enter by the eastern entrance, are lodged on the fourth floors, looking toward the north. Long-maned, cream-colored horses, horses of *couleur-de-rose*, fiery Cordobese barbs, Shetland ponies, Galician breeds, Andalusian jaquitas and mules,—worth fabulous sums,—all are found here.

Las Cocheras contain vehicles of all sizes, dates, and uses,—cumbersome old coaches, dainty victorias, pony chaises, triumphal cars, state coaches, and hearses all gold and glitter.

The state coaches are magnificent productions, decorated with paintings and gilt figures, inlaid

with precious woods, one of which cost \$75,000, and another \$45,000. Many of the older coaches are presents from sovereigns, two of which are gifts from Queen Victoria. A dark, heavy old carriage is shown, which was used by Juana la Loca,—Crazy Jane,—when she carried the body of her husband, Philip le Bel, about with her. It is said to be the earliest coach on record in Spain, dating from 1546.

In the saddlery department are richly embroidered hammer-cloths and saddles, showy state liveries, and velvet saddles worn by grantees' champions on state bull-fights. The Spaniards have always been good riders; and the royal family grooms and post-boys are taught by the riding-master to ride stiffly, toes on the edge of the stirrups, legs straight, left hand resting gracefully on the hip, all of which principles are seen to perfection in the Velasquez and Titian portraits hanging in the palace.

State pageants in Spain are said to outstrip in magnificence and display any in France, Austria, and Russia; and, when the queen regent and the little boy king travel, the whole nation may be said to follow in their train, such are the crowds of officials, servants, carriages, and troops which escort her, while the gayly dressed masses and the Spanish colors flying over all add to the brilliancy.

The royal armory in the south wing of the palace is open daily from ten till noon. It was established here in 1565, when the splendid collection of arms formed by Charles V. was removed hither from Valladolid, and is considered by many the finest in the world.

Here are the suits of armor belonging to the Infantes Felipes, Carlos, and Ferdinand; thirty-five suits of Charles V., among which are his Roman equestrian armor and the complete armor in which he was portrayed by Titian; but, over and above all, that which most interests an American is the armor worn by Christopher Columbus.

There are swords, swords, swords,—one of Pizarro, the sword of the Cid, one of Isabel the Catholic, the sword of Boabdil, and swords belonging to all the great Spanish rulers and warriors.

Sceptres, shields, and golden crowns glittering with precious stones are on all sides; and one is dazed and bewildered by the armorial history of Spain seen in every direction.

The large gardens, rich in foliage and fountains, extend toward the river, and occupy the site of the park so often mentioned in the comedies of Calderon and Lope de Vega. Here amid all this splendor lives the woman whose head is more uneasy to-day than all the heads who wear the crown.

CHERRIES.

APRIL brought the blossoms out,
May winds scattered them about,
Till the grassy floor below
Whitened with their fragrant snow.
Then came June, with golden sun,—
Of all the months the fairest one,—
Smiling on the trees and brooks,
Like a child with picture-books.

In the green leaves overhead
Little lights were burning red.
Looking up, it seemed that I
Saw the stars in fairy sky,
Glistening the leaves among,
Lanterns by the pixies hung;
But I heard a song-bird pipe,
"Cherry ripe!" and "Cherry ripe!"

He who sings of cherries best
Wears their colors on his breast:
He their poet is, and he
Makes his dwelling in their tree.

'Tis not strange his song is sweet:
Think! the cherries he can eat!
Busy with his feathered wits,
He makes bare the cherry-pits.

Bring the basket, little maid:
Let us lend Sir Robin aid.
I will climb among the boughs
Where he has his tiny house;
And, if I can find him there,
I will ask him please to spare
Of his tempting cherry feast
One small basketful at least.

I will tell him how in spring,
When you first had heard him sing,
All upon the garden ground
You the bread-crumbs threw around.
Then, if he's the bird I think,
He will answer in a wink.
"Certainly: I'd help you pick,
If their stems were not so thick!"

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

For Every Other Sunday.

BOTH PRAYER AND SERMON.

BY MARY JOSLYN SMITH.

IT was late Saturday night when Hubert and Wilmer, two stirring young men, reached the hotel at Rainbow Lake for their first visit among the Adirondacks.

There is a beautiful chain of lakes and ponds among these mountains, which lie in nearly the same high plane, from fifteen to seventeen hundred feet above sea-level, in the great divide of Lake Champlain and St. Lawrence.

Rainbow Lake had been specially recommended to them as a gem among the many lakes, "a thing of beauty," and to those that saw it "a joy forever." When the wind was still, the water spoke in dulcet tones; and, when the storm spirit was abroad, there was the harshness and ruggedness of larger streams of water.

After breakfast Sunday morning the boys agreed that there was no Sabbath there, no church, nothing that need suggest any duty to them.

As they strolled out, noticing the native forests and mountains on every side, they were reminded of scenery about the Pyrenees; for they had travelled abroad.

Hubert said, as he came to a wild nook, "It looks here a fit place for the 'Witches' Sabbath,' such as used to be kept in olden times, if the legends are true."

As they talked, they came to a great boulder, upon which was carved the Lord's Prayer. They stopped and read, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

The whole prayer had been cut upon the stone, evidently with rough tools, perhaps a chisel and awl, the tools at hand.

The young men wondered who had taken so much pains, as they realized what patient work it had required. Upon going back to the hotel, they made inquiry, and found that a young minister who had been staying there one summer several years before, instead of carving his own name, had placed there the Lord's prayer, hoping in some way it might honor the Master. The singing of birds made acceptable music, and in nature's own temple this man had carved the words of a perfect prayer.

Wilmer and Hubert took to themselves a sermon, as well as prayer, to remember the Sabbath Day wherever they might be. So much reverence is paid to the prayer stone that the grass is kept cut away around the stone, and no visitor at the lake misses seeing and reading the prayer.

A little way from the prayer-stone there is a great meteorite which weighs many hundred pounds, and which seemed to fall right out of the heavens one night and fasten itself in the earth.

As they sat in their room in the evening, the youths agreed that to them no more impressive sermon had ever been preached than the one that came to them through this prayer-stone, and by standing where one of Nature's great mysteries found expression in the oval meteorite.

Since it was to them both prayer and sermon, and had proved a blessing to them, probably it had been and might be to hundreds of others.

The homely tools in a consecrated hand, even the chisel and awl, were honored.

LIVE IT DOWN.

Has a foolish word been spoken
Or an evil deed been done,
Has the heart been almost broken
For the friends that now disown?
Let not coldness or the frown,
Shake thy manhood: live it down.

Is the stern traducer sneering,
Trusting innuendo vile,
With the world's opinion veering,
Basking in its fickle smile?
What are gossips with their frown?
Buzzing insects: live it down.

Verdict fairer will be given
In the sober after-thought;
Charity, sweet child of heaven,
Judgment harsh will set at naught;
Then will grieved Mercy's frown
Smite the slanderer: live it down.

But, if man refuse to soften
For that weakness he may feel,
There is One forgives us often,
As to him we choose to kneel.
Droop not, then, who'er may frown,
With such friendship: live it down.

EDWARD OCTAVIUS FLAGG.

For Every Other Sunday.

THAT DREADFUL NOTE.

In Two Parts.—Part I.

BY LUCIE D. WELSH.

"NOW, Jamie, be sure to give it to your mamma just as soon as you get home. I am very sorry to be obliged to send it, but there is no other way. Good night, dear." And Miss Bent carefully buttoned up the navy blue reefer, and gave the little boy a gentle pat. "Don't forget about the note, and try to be a better boy to-morrow."

Forget about the note! As if Jamie could do that. He almost wished he could.

How had it all happened? He had meant to be so good all day; but almost as soon as school began he had got into trouble. Little Gertrude Rice sat in front of him, and her long golden curls switched across his desk and knocked off his pencil. Of course, he had to give the curls a twitch, to remind Gertrude that she must be more careful; but Gertrude always was a baby, and of course she had to cry. Then Miss Bent wanted to know the whole story, and she had looked very grave indeed. The next thing was John Turner's fault. He needn't have tried to trade jack-knives in school. He might have known they'd both giggle, and Miss Bent would think they were making a disturbance. Then he happened to look out the window, and there were the two little boys who lived across the street from the school-house. They were too small to go to school, but were just

big enough to make mad pies in the street. Jamie watched them until their mother came out and took them into the house. Just at that moment Miss Bent called for the papers with the number work on them. If she'd only waited five minutes, Jamie would have had his ready. But she didn't wait; and there was only one answer on Jamie's paper.

So things went on all day long; and, when the children were dismissed at night, Miss Bent said, "Jamie, you may remain after school."

It wasn't the first time or the second or the third even that Miss Bent had said that to Jamie. Perhaps that was why she looked so tired and worn when she called him to her desk.

She waited a few minutes before she began to talk. She was trying to think of something to say that would touch his little careless heart. It did seem as if she had said everything before.

While she thought, Jamie amused himself by trying to catch a fly which buzzed around his head.

He looked so heedless and babyish that Miss Bent felt discouraged.

"Jamie," said she, "I have not enjoyed you very much for the last week or two." Jamie's face looked very grave for a minute. It was a dreadful thing when Miss Bent didn't enjoy any one.

"I am not going to talk with you or punish you," went on the teacher. Jamie brightened a great deal.

"I am going to send a note to your mamma. Perhaps she will think of some way to help us."

Here Jamie burst into a piteous wail. Carry home a note! How could he? His dear mother had no idea that he was ever naughty in school. How grieved and ashamed she would be! His papa had gone to heaven not very many years before, but so long ago that Jamie could not remember him; and mamma's whole heart was centred on her little boy. It seemed as if he could not let her know how naughty he had been.

But it was useless to cry, for Miss Bent's mind was fully made up.

She felt very sorry for him, and helped him into his coat and mittens as carefully as usual. After he had gone, she wondered if she had done right.

"Hello, Jim, what you got?" asked Charlie Stone, a boy several years old than Jamie, as the little boy overtook him.

Jamie's head drooped. "I've got a note for my mamma," he said. "Miss Bent sent it to her."

"A note from the teacher. Oh, ho, ho, won't you catch it?" laughed Charlie. "I guess your mother'll give you one good whipping."

"She won't, neither, Charlie Stone. She never whips me. But she'll talk to me, and make me feel awful bad. I believe I'd rather be whipped."

"Oh, my, I guess I had, too. And my mother whips me sixty. I wouldn't dare to carry a note home from the teacher."

"Why, what would you do?" asked Jamie. "If the teacher should send one, you'd have to."

Charlie grinned. "Oh, ain't you a softy? I guess I'd do something with it before I got home."

"What would you do?" urged Jamie.

"I'd tear it up or something," answered Charlie. "It would make my mother feel bad to have a note from the teacher. I wouldn't want to make her feel bad."

"It will make my mother feel bad, too," said Jamie.

"Well, then, I shouldn't give it to her."

Jamie looked very doubtful.

"Here, give it to me, and I'll tear it up," said Charlie, trying to snatch the note.

"No, no, you mustn't. I won't let you," cried Jamie.

Just then Will Tower came along.

"What's the matter, boys?" said he.

"Oh, nothing, only I'm trying to save Jamie a whipping; and he won't let me," answered Charlie.

Jamie poured forth the story of the note, and finished by saying: "I wouldn't let him tear it up. It wouldn't be right, would it, Will?"

"Of course, it wouldn't," answered Will. "And a big boy like Charlie ought to be ashamed to tell a little boy such things."

Just then they reached Jamie's house, and he left the older boys and went up on the piazza.

He tried the door, but it was locked.

"Oh, mamma's gone to see Mrs. Maynard. She said I might put on a clean blouse and go, too, after school."

He knew where the key was kept, so he unlocked the door and went in.

It didn't take long to wash his face and hands and find his clean clothes, but all the time he kept thinking about the note.

"I can't take it over to Mrs. Maynard's. What would she think of me? And mamma'll be tired when she gets home, and I'll have to go right to bed; and there won't be any time to tell her then. I'd better wait until to-morrow before I give it to her. Now where shall I put it?"

He thought of many places to put it, but there seemed to be some objection to each one. If he put it with his playthings in the closet, it might get soiled. Perhaps he could put it with his clean clothes in the drawer. No, that wouldn't do. Mamma might want to sew on some buttons, and would open the drawer and see the note.

After a great deal of thought, he concluded that the best place would be down cellar behind a barrel of potatoes. It would be hard to tell just why he chose that place of all others; but it seemed to him a very good place, indeed. Mamma would not find it there until he was ready to have her.

He went over to Mrs. Maynard's, and they stayed to tea; but Jamie didn't enjoy himself very much. Mamma asked him if he felt sick; and he said he guessed he did, a little. So they went home rather earlier than they otherwise would have gone.

Jamie's mother felt quite worried about him, and tried to find out where he felt sick; but he didn't seem to know. She talked with him for a long time, and he might have told her about the note just as well as not; but he didn't.

"It will make her feel bad," he thought. "I guess I'd better not say anything about it to-night."

After he went to bed, he tossed about for a long time. Every time he closed his eyes he could see that dreadful note.

If he had only told his mamma about it, how much better it would have been. Once he thought he would go in her room, and wake her up. At last he fell into a troubled sleep.

(To be continued.)

WEEDS.

WEEDS! What is a weed? The etymologists do not help us much. They simply tell us that the word comes from the Anglo-Saxon "weed," and that the root of the word is unknown. A learned scientist once defined "dirt" as matter in the wrong place. We may adapt this, and say that a weed is a plant in the wrong place. Beautiful as is the wild rose, it is truly a weed when it invades the raspberry patch, although it is in the company of a near relative. Few flowers are prettier than the ox-eye daisy and the black-eyed Susan; and a bunch of either will readily command a few cents, when offered to the denizen of the city whose memories of childhood's days are recalled by the wildlings. But, when they take possession of the clover field, the hay meadow, and the pasture, the farmer regards them as weeds.

ROBERT BLIGHT.



CASTLE SWALLOW.

There is no life so humble that, if it be true and genuinely human and obedient to God, it may not hope to shed some of his light. There is no life so meagre that the greatest and wisest of us can afford to despise it.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

CAN YOU?

Can you put the spider's web back in place
That once had been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough
Which fell at our feet to-day?
Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,
And cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing
That you crushed with a hasty blow?
Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
And the grape again on the vine?
Can you put the dewdrop back on the flowers,
And make them sparkle and shine?
Can you put the petals back on the rose?
If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flour again in the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?
Can you put the kernel again in the nut,
Or the broken egg in the shell?
Can you put the honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell?
Can you put the perfume back in the vase
When once it has sped away?
Can you put the cornstalk back on the corn,
Or down on the catkins, say?
You think my questions are trifling, dear?
Let me ask you another one:
Can a hasty word ever be unsaid
Or a deed unkind undone?

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

MY NEIGHBORS.

BY SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS.

EARLY in May my neighbor came home for the summer. I heard his voice across the way, and I was glad to know that he had arrived. I always like to remember the date when my friends return from their winter in the South. So that day I wrote in my note-book, "May 4th, Catbird."

He is an odd chap, this neighbor of mine. At the very first glance, you might think him a Quaker; for he wears a suit of sober gray. But I, who know him better, can tell you that his dress does not correspond with his character.

To be sure, he can be very quiet if he wants to; and at such times he slips about among the bushes as softly as a cat. And so his name is appropriate in more than one way.

Quite in contrast to this stealthy bird was the one I saw one day standing on an alder branch near me. He seemed not a bit afraid, and stood there alert and evidently a little angry, saying, "Meow, meow, meow," for all the world like a cat. And yet this was the same gray-dressed neighbor.

Once, before I knew my neighbor very well, he played a trick on me. Do you know the brown thrush and his song? He is a pretty bird, and has a beautiful song. He sits on a tree and sings away, quite slowly and very sweetly. One day I sat at an open window, when suddenly I heard a bird singing among some young trees over across the road.

"That sounds like a brown thrush," I said; "but it can't be, for it is sung too rapidly, and is not quite so sweet. I must see what it is."

So I went out across the road, climbed over the wall, and went quietly along till in a minute I could see the bird perched on a birch-tree.

It was my catbird!

There he stood, in a round-shouldered attitude, his long tail hanging down dejectedly. He did not notice me, and kept singing on, while I stood watching him in astonishment.

How he sang! The notes seemed to fairly bubble out of his throat. I was surprised and delighted. I had no idea he could sing so beautifully. I began to think he could sing even better than the thrush, when suddenly, in the midst of a sweet strain, came that familiar cat-call, "Meow!" It was so unexpected and sounded so funny that I could not help laughing.

The musician did not like that; and he dropped from his twig, and disappeared in the bushes.

I often wonder if the catbird really means to mimic the thrush and make fun of him. Perhaps the thrush thinks so. At any rate, it seems to me that he grows silent after the catbird comes home for the summer, and begins to sing and "meow."

A LESSON OF THE FLOWERS.

The violet blooms in a shady place,
Where the sun comes peeping through;
The harebell grows on gray old rocks,
And shows its robes of blue.

The mayflower grows on a wooded hill
At the foot of the green old pines,
Where the ferns and moss in clusters show,
And the checkerberry twines.

These all grow in the fairest bowers:
There is no room for the daisy flowers.

So the daisy grows by the dusty road,
Sweet and sunny and shy,
Lifting its pretty, modest head
To nod to each passer-by.

But the daisy said, "The violet's place
Is better for her, you see;
And the mayflower's place is better for her;
And mine is the best for me."

Selected.

THE NAMELESS MULTITUDE.

IT was Phillips Brooks who once said: "I am sure that the world is a better place for you and me to live in to-day, not merely for the hundred great pattern lives which have passed into the heavens, and which we still call by their names, but far more for the countless, nameless multitude of men and women who have wrought into the very substance of the earth, where at last they lay their bodies in unnoticed graves, the great, first, simplest words of God,—that man was sared, that duty was possible, that self-sacrifice was sweet, and that love for one's brother was the crown of life."

What splendid, what heroic, what noble Christians there have been in that "nameless multitude"! They have been among the uncalendared saints of the world. They have been unmindful of worldly honor and glory, and have found their reward in quiet and faithful obedience to the will of God. Their names have not gone forth into the world, their deeds are unrecorded, excepting in the book of his remembrance; but the world is a better place for us and for our children because of the true lives of this "nameless multitude."

Shall we not so live that the world shall be better for those who are to come after us? Shall we not be willing to forego worldly honor for the glory of God and the good of future generations?

Selected.

Follow your honest convictions, and be strong.

THACKERAY.

DAISIES.

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead.
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the Night.
And often, while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go.
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.
For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies.
She's picked them all, and dropped them
down
Into the meadows of the town.

Little-Folk Lyrics.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE BIRDS OF BERMUDA.

BY KATHERINE HAGAR.

OUR satisfaction in our life in Bermuda does not come entirely from the pure fresh air. The winds blow across these narrow islands from sea to sea, keeping them free from every germ of disease and giving hope to the invalid. Nor is it to be found only in our delight in the wonderful coloring. The contrast is beautiful between the sombre green of the native cedar, interspersed with the light smooth green of palm, palmetto, plantain, banana, and the water with its varying shades of blue or green, so clear and transparent. The flowers are exquisite. Each rose is perfect. I am afraid I have said many times, "This rose-bush looks like a painted rose in a theatre." The comparison is absurd; but every leaf and petal are beautiful, quite free from the ravages of noxious insects. Yet there is one charm in Bermuda that I had not anticipated. Even in the villages during February and March it seemed as though the pretty birds were calling, "Spring has come." In every walk in the country I rejoice in the numberless birds that flit from tree to tree or the larger sea birds that fly across or wheel about over the water.

The most noted land bird is the brilliant cardinal grosbeak, or "Virginia Nightingale," as it is called by the Bermudians. I have heard its musical whistle or call in the night. I find them constantly in my rambles, and I often stand ten minutes under a cedar-tree to listen to their inspiring notes. The redbird is nearly as large as our robin, with brilliant red plumage, too brilliant at one time for its own safety; for a lady told me that a taxidermist came from the United States a few years ago, and shot hundreds to carry back their wings to sell to milliners. But very soon stringent laws were passed in Bermuda for the protection of all birds. Several ladies have told me that they feed them regularly, so as to entice them to build their nests in their gardens. One, a resident in Bermuda, described to me her indignation when she saw the English house-sparrow stealing the grain she had given to the redbird. The sparrow cannot crack the corn, and the redbird would take two grains at once in its strong bill to its young. When one was cracked and laid down, the greedy sparrow would crowd in and snatch it. The result was that, spite of the larger redbird's scolding and fighting, he would get only half a kernel. She said she had seen the sparrow take the grain from the young redbird's bill after the old bird had placed it there.

There is a story that a number of sparrows brought from New York were killed by the cats at St. George's. The cats in all the islands have been petted for so many generations that they are



CARRYING PLOUGHS — PALESTINE.

not afraid, but bask in the sunshine, sleeping peacefully in the front of the shops in the busiest streets in Hamilton. But more sparrows were brought, about fifty, and were liberated, and have increased rapidly, to the annoyance of all who love the native birds. They are as quarrelsome and greedy in Bermuda as at home.

Capt. Reid, in his description of the redbird, writes enthusiastically, "To see a fine old paterfamilias in all the glory of his rich vermilion garments, tail and crest in air, now on a post, now on an oleander or cedar bough, all the while uttering his sharp "tick" of alarm, while the more sober-colored mother is ministering to the appetites of the children, is a great treat, and will ever be associated in my memory with the hot sun, the white houses, dark cedars, and fragrant sage-bushes of Bermuda." The song is exceedingly variable, consisting of a series of musical whistles.

The bluebird is smaller, but no less fascinating. It is resident in Bermuda, as well as migratory. Its brilliant plumage, confiding nature, and pleasant warble attract every one. It flashes from tree to tree, like a ray of blue light. Its fearless, trusting nature is shown by the strange places in which it puts its nest of grasses,— "in holes in old quarries or roadside cuttings; in crevices of walls; in rocks, even when some little distance from the shore; in holes in trees; in stone and water pipes; in calabashes, boxes, and baskets hung up for them on the verandas of houses; in the folds of a canvas awning outside the door of one of the officers' quarters at Prospect Camp; and in several as curious situations." It is a most determined little creature, taking possession sometimes of the redbird's nest even after the eggs are laid. It twitters soft and sweet, often perched on the very topmost twig of a tall cedar.

Our catbird is very common in Bermuda, "resident and abundant." They are called "black-birds" by the people, and are delightfully bold

and saucy, flitting their tails as they hop along the roadway, hunting most busily for insects or worms wherever the road is repaired and the earth disturbed. They are so sprightly and vivacious that we found much pleasure in watching their quick motions, although their harsh cry, mewing like a cat, is no more agreeable here than at home.

One of the quaintest and prettiest of these tame birds is the ground dove. It, too, is resident and abundant even in the streets of Hamilton; but it hops or runs away if one attempts to touch it.

A tropic bird wheels over our heads when we are in a row-boat. This is the boatswain bird, or "long-tail," of the Bermudas. It places its single egg in a hole in the rocks on a flooring of sand, preferring a steep and overhanging cliff. A story was told me of a gentleman who offered a shilling for every egg that was brought to him. He thought he would get two or three; but the colored boys are very agile, and, with the prospect of a recompense, eighty nests were robbed of their one egg. The gentleman took thirty, but had to cry, "Hold, enough!" to stop the influx. It seems a pity, as the lady said, that eighty nests should be destroyed for the gratification of a whim. They are large birds, thirty inches in length, and are very graceful and peculiar as they wheel about and manœuvre over the waters. The name "long-tail" comes from the long tail-feathers. It is rare to find one with two good long central tail-feathers. I was attracted early one morning by their harsh-grating cry, and counted a dozen birds wheeling over Harrington Sound.

I have only written of a few of the birds that interested me during my stay here. Capt. Reid, in his chapter on the Birds of Bermuda, records a list of one hundred and eighty-six species that have been seen in Bermuda. The largest of the occasional visitors are the double-breasted cormorants and eagles from North America; the smallest are the tiny ruby-throated humming-birds.

For Every Other Sunday.

MISS VIOLET'S TEA-PARTY.

BY LILLA N. CUSHMAN.

Miss VIOLET one day gave a party,
Inviting her friends near and far.
Her cards were a dainty creation,—
Tinted lilac, and shaped like a star.

Miss Lily responded so sweetly,—
'Twas a five-o'clock tea on the lawn;
And the Pansies, in purple and yellow,
Were up and arrayed before dawn.
The Tulips,—you'd hardly have known them,
So gorgeous and varied their dress,
Some were fringed, some ruffled, *all* stately,—
Watched the clouds, I am free to confess.

Miss Verbena was there in her beauty,
Robed in costume of scarlet and white;
And a perfume exhaled as she entered
With a floweret they call "Heart's Delight."

Dent-de-lion arrived all in yellow:
'Twas the prettiest sight ever seen,
The contrast he made was so charming,
As he danced o'er the carpet of green.

But I think, had you seen them scamper
When the raindrops commenced to fall,
You'd have smiled, as I did, though I pitied
Each one of them, Tulips and all.

Yet they all declared, on departing,
That a five-o'clock tea was "so sweet";
And the Pansies pulled up their hoodlets,
As they skipped down the nearest street.

For Every Other Sunday.

LOOKING FOR TURTLES.

BY IDA KENNISTON.

"MAMMA, can Muffet and I take off our shoes and stockings, and play in the pond? We want to catch a little turtle."

"Want to catch *two* little turtles," said Muffet.

"Yes, you may," said mamma; "but what did you do with the two little turtles you caught yesterday, Tuffet?"

"Raced 'em," answered Tuffet, sitting down on the grass, and beginning to take off his shoes. "We put them down at the corner of the fence, and called it a race to see which would get to the water first. And Muffet's did, and then the dinner-bell rang; and, when we went back after dinner, we couldn't find either of them again. Hurry up, Muffet, or I'll be ready first."

Muffet was sitting on the edge of the piazza, and had already got one little rosy foot bare, and was tugging at a hard knot in the other shoe-string.

Of course, Muffet and Tuffet were not the children's real names. Their names were really Mary Elizabeth and John Frederick, but every one called them Muffet and Tuffet.

At last Muffet was ready; and the two children scampered away, over the cool, soft grass, to the pond.

The "pond," which wasn't much larger than a small dining-table, was in a field behind the barn, and out of sight of the house.

For a little while the children enjoyed splashing around and wading in the cool water, forgetting the turtles they had come to seek.

Then Tuffet said: "Let's look for turtles now. You go around the pond that way, and I'll go this way, and see which will find a turtle first."

Perhaps the turtles had all gone to take a walk or perhaps the children's splashing had driven them to seek safe hiding-places.

Muffet and Tuffet had gone all around the edge of the pond twice without seeing a single turtle.

Then Muffet grew bolder, and, lifting up her short skirts, started to wade in toward the middle of the pond.

She had taken two or three steps, when her foot slipped on a round stone; and, with a little scream and a big splash, she went down into the water.

Mamma, who was sitting on the shady piazza with her sewing, was surprised a moment later to see Tuffet tearing around the corner of the barn, looking very much frightened, and shouting: "Mamma, mamma, come quick! Muffet's in the pond, and she's *drowning*!" How mamma ran, round the barn and down to the pond! Muffet was lying on her face in the water, kicking and splashing. Mamma picked up her skirts, waded quickly in, and, lifting Muffet up by the shoulders, set her on her feet, and led her, gasping and sputtering, to dry land, where Tuffet stood waiting to receive her with open arms.

"O Tuffet! I most drowned, I did; and I didn't like it at all!"

Muffet had to go up to the house with mamma, and have her wet clothes changed and her hair dried with a towel; and mamma had to change her own wet boots and stockings.

Tuffet stayed out on the piazza to tell grandma and Aunt Prim all about it.

"I am surprised at you, John Frederick," said his Aunt Prim, "to think that you could not take better care of your little sister."

Then Muffet came out, with her damp hair hanging in little straight strings down her back, but looking very sweet and nice in her clean ging-ham dress.

Tuffet jumped up. "Say, Muffet"—

"Mary Elizabeth," said her Aunt Prim, "I think that a little girl who tumbles in the pond, and gets her dress all wet, ought to be put to bed till supper time."

"Muffet, did you see?"—began Tuffet again, earnestly.

"Muffet didn't mean to do it, did she?" said grandma, holding out her arms to the little girl. "Come and sit in grandma's lap, and have a peppermint, dear."

Then Tuffet found time to ask his question. "Muffet, when you were in the water, *did you see any turtles?*"

"No," said Muffet, sucking her peppermint, "I didn't see any."

For Every Other Sunday.

THE FAIRY WATER-BABIES.

BY MARTHA C. WOOD.

ONCE upon a time there was a large garden filled with beautiful flowers. There were dark red roses in velvet gowns, tall white lilies which swayed as the warm south wind passed among them, and dear little lilies of the valley which shook their tiny bells in the air until they made sweet music. But sweetest of all were the timid blue violets, which nestled down under their leaves as though they knew that the children who loved them most would like to hunt for their dainty flowers.

In the middle of the broad garden walk stood two children,—Harold, with his large brown eyes and dark hair, and Mary, with her sunny golden curls and eyes as blue as the sky. As they stood watching the sun paint the clouds first a soft pink, then orange or yellow, Mary said: "That must be the angels' flower garden in the sky. Don't you think so, Harold?"

"Oh," said Harold, "mother told me they were water-babies; and, as the sun kissed them good-night, he put their most beautiful dresses on them,

so the children on earth would have something beautiful to dream of all the long night."

"Do you think they ever come down on the earth to play with little children?" asked the little sister. This was such a strange thing for her to ask; for what do you suppose was going on in the garden at that very moment? Why, hundreds of these little water-babies were playing hide-and-go-seek, blindman's buff, and tag all around the children. Some of them were hiding in Mary's yellow curls: but her eyes were not sharp enough to see them, for they were so very, very small.

When the great round sun had gone out of sight behind the soft purple hills, and the water-babies in the sky were putting on their soft white gowns for the night, and the little star-candles were beginning to shine out among them, the children heard their mother calling them to bed.

Up in the trees all the baby birds were sound asleep beneath their mother's wings; while the father bird tucked his head under his wing, and looked like a small round ball as he sat quite close to the nest on a twig.

The south wind had been going among the flowers, singing the baby buds to sleep for some time; and even the water-babies were growing tired of their play.

On warm summer evenings we like to find cool places in which to rest, and so do water-babies. The flowers and grass-blades were so much cooler than the air, now that the sun had gone away, that it only took the water-babies a few moments to choose them for beds; and soon they were fast asleep.

All night long Lady Moon watched the children in their little cribs, the baby birds in their nest, and the water-babies in their flower cradles. Early the next morning the sun peeped out from the gray hills in the east; and soon the birds were singing wake-up songs to the children.

When the children went into the garden to gather some flowers for the breakfast table, what do you suppose they found among the rose petals? Something which shone so in the sunlight that the children called it a fairy diamond. I think, if we had been there, we should have called it a dew-drop; but it was really ever so many water-babies fast asleep in each other's arms.

When the sun looked into the garden and saw them, he laughed, and said, "I'll just give them a kiss, and wake them up." As soon as they were awake, they thanked the pretty flowers for their soft beds, and began to climb the ladders which the sun sent down for them, until they were higher than the houses or the tallest trees.

When they were up in the air, they found other water-babies, and told them about the beautiful garden and their flower cradles. While they were talking and floating over the sky, they tried to think of something they might do for the flowers. First they thought of making a shadow to shade the garden from the hot sunshine, for some of the flowers were beginning to droop their heads in the heat. Just then a little breeze said: "Why don't you give them a drink of water to help them grow? I will send other clouds to help you."

Some plump little baby clouds and great soft mother clouds came, and soon the sky was quite covered with them. Even the sun was hidden away, and the children could not see him. As they looked up from their play, they began to sing,

"Clouds are passing o'er the sky,
Bringing sweet, refreshing rain.
Now the flowers will not die,
But will be revived again."

While they were still singing, the water-babies took hands, and came down, down, through the air, right down into the garden. Some of them gave

the rose a drink, while others watered the violets and lilies. They came down faster and faster; and, while some of them were still falling, the sun said, "I'll do something for the children." So he sent the little sunbeams through the drops of water, just as he sends them through the prism in the kindergarten window, and changed some of the white dresses into red, others into orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet, making a beautiful rainbow; and, when the children saw it, they sang,—

"Six little fairies came when the storm was ended:
Six little fairies came dressed up very splendid."

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

Come into great-grandmother's garden, my dears,
The Sunflowers are nodding and beckoning away,
The Balsams are smilingly drying their tears,
And fair Morning-glories are greeting the day.

How pure is the breath of the old-fashioned Pinks!
How modest the face of the Lady's Delight!
Sweet William his arm with Miss Lavender's links,
And whispers, "I dream of you morn, noon,
and night."

The Dahlia looks on with a queenly repose,
Unheeding the Coxcomb's impertinent sighs;
And fierce Tiger-lily an angry look throws
At Bachelor's Button, who praises her eyes.

The red Prince's Feather waves heavy and slow
By Marigolds rich as the crown of a king;
The Larkspur the humming-bird sways to and fro;
Above them the Hollyhocks lazily swing.

Come, Four-o'clocks, wake from your long morn-
ing nap!
The late China Asters will soon be astir;
The Sweet Pea has ordered a simple green cap,
Which the Poppy considers too common for her.

There's Southernwood, Saffron, and long Striped
Grass;
The pale Thimbleberries, the Sweet-brier brush;
An odor of Catnip floats by as we pass,
Be careful! nor grandmamma's Chamomile crush.

Come into great-grandmother's garden, my dears,
The sunflowers are nodding and beckoning away:
The real grandma's garden is gone years and years,
We have only a make-believe garden to-day.

M. J. JACQUES, in *St. Nicholas*.

For Every Other Sunday.

A BRAVE LITTLE BOBOLINK.

BY EMMA LEE BENEDICT.

ONLY Mr. Bobolink knew where the nest was on which his wife was sitting patiently all day. And he was very careful not to give away the secret. Every day he skimmed gayly over the meadow, nearly bursting his throat with delicious songs. Now and then he dipped down in the grass to ask Mrs. Bob how the eggs were coming on or to cheer her with his presence. He was a handsome fellow with dashes of white on his wings and wee tufts of red about his head. It must have brightened up her lonely knittings just to see him come; and, no doubt, he knew it, the vain bird, for he would sing more joyously than ever when he appeared again among the grass tops.

But, if you think you could have found that nest by watching to see just where he disappeared when he went to make it a visit, you do not know the ways of bobolinks. The place where you saw him dip down was nowhere near the place where his demure little mate was sitting, as he very well knew. If he saw you searching, he seemed to

laugh at you, and say: "You'll find nothing there, friend. I only went down for a worm."

Mrs. Bob, too, when she left her nest to stretch her wings and snatch a morsel of food, would run along the ground through the grass for a good distance before she flew up, and repeat the deception when she returned.

What a pity that birds should have to learn to deceive, in order to be safe! There is such a thing as living so as to make it easier for those around us to do right.

At last, after Mrs. Bobolink had sat long and patiently, and her husband had poured forth many joyous songs, the eggs were hatched. Then four homely, hungry nestlings kept both parents very busy searching for food. Sad was then the fate of any worm that did not keep out of the way of Bob's bright eyes.

Before the nestlings were able to fly, there came a day when something dreadful happened.

The farmer, who owned the meadow, concluded that it was time to cut the grass. So he sharpened the knives of his mowing-machine, hitched his horses to it, and began driving it around the meadow.

Mrs. Bobolink was nearly frightened to death when she saw it coming. She flew around in great distress, making loud cries; but nothing could be heard above the clatter of that dreadful machine. Poor Mr. Bob flew back and forth in distraction, but could think of nothing to do.

At last Mrs. Bob saw the horses coming directly toward her nest. They would surely trample her darlings beneath their dreadful hoofs. Something must be done to stop them, and there was nobody to do anything but herself; for her terror-stricken husband had flown away. So the brave little bird gathered together all her courage, and made a dash right at the heads of the horses. She flew with such force that she struck against the iron point of the long tongue of the machine, and broke her wing.

The farmer saw her fall, and stopped his horses just in time to keep them from treading on her. He picked her up, and held her gently in his hand.

"Poor little bird," he said tenderly, "you have some babies here, and were trying to save them, weren't you? Let us see if we can find them."

So the farmer looked carefully in the grass until he found the nestlings. Then he called to his boy, who was mowing with a scythe around the fences, and told him to go to the house and get an empty bird-cage which he would find in the garret.

This the boy did; and, after putting some fine grass in the bottom of the cage to make it soft, the farmer placed the little birds in it, and then put the mother, with her poor broken wing, in beside them. If she could have understood the farmer's kind intentions, she would not have been so frightened. Perhaps she did understand the tones of his voice; for, after fluttering awhile, she lay quite still in the bottom of the cage, panting very hard and watching everything with her little round black eyes.

The farmer told his boy to hang the cage on the fence, and as soon as the hay was raked up in the afternoon they would put the birds back where the old nest was.

While the farmer was gone to dinner, Mr. Bob paid his family a visit; but he was too distressed to bring them even a worm. The farmer's boy, however, brought them several when he came back from his dinner, and a strawberry for the mother. This she was too frightened to eat. So he divided it between the young birds, who devoured it greedily, and all the worms he brought beside.

The farmer's daughter also came with pieces of whalebone and soft tape, and tried to bandage up the poor broken wing. She told the mother bird how sorry they all were and what good care they were going to take of them, all of which I cannot

say the poor frightened bird understood, but I wish she might.

As soon as the hay had been raked and gathered up, the farmer's boy dug a bunch of tall grass, and put it on the ground where the old nest was, so as to make a little shelter; and then they put the family back, and left them there.

Mrs. Bob said nothing as they went away, but watched them as far as they could see her bright little eyes; and Mr. Bob appeared not far off, as if waiting to see if it would be safe to venture home again.

Whether the broken wing healed and the birdlings grew up without farther accident the farmer never knew. His daughter thinks they did, although she could find no traces of them when she went to take a peep at the nest next day. But not long after she saw a little brown bird flying low and clinging to the fence rail without attempting to fly away when she went near her, and she thinks it was the mother bird, and that she remembered her, and wanted to thank her for her kindness.

For Every Other Sunday.

VENICE.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.)

WHEN we arrived in Venice, we stepped from the depot into a gondola that was awaiting us from the hotel.

A gondola is a boat from thirty to thirty-five feet in length. It is pointed at both ends; and the bow has a headpiece of iron or nickel, or, if the owner of the gondola is rich, the headpiece would be of silver. In the centre of the boat are comfortable seats, over which there hang awnings, or, if it is winter time, there is a covering like a coupé.

There are one or two men to paddle the gondola. These are called gondoliers. They manage the boat very skillfully and swiftly.

Venice is composed of ninety-eight islands, some small and others large. The streets of Venice look as ours would, if they were deeper and filled with water. There are over 250 of them, and 420 bridges crossing them. These streets of water are called canals. Some are wide and deep, while others are narrow and shallow. Venice is near the Adriatic Sea. So there is a tide in the canals, which rises three feet twice a day. The widest and deepest canal is called the Grand Canal; and this is fifteen feet deep, and about as wide as our broadest street in Philadelphia.

All the buildings are erected on piles dug in the ground, and sometimes over the water. The front doorsteps lead you down to the canal, where you take a gondola. One of the prettiest sights in Venice is St. Marco's Square. Here you would surely buy corn of one of the many men selling it, and proceed to feed the pretty pigeons which flock to you by the hundreds. Some are pure white, some gray and pink, and others are dark with beautiful changeable necks. In the same square we see the wonderful Lion of Venice, which is very old, and looks it.

There are many magnificent churches in Venice, which would take volumes to tell about; for in these churches are wonderful things Napoleon took from Venice, and which were brought back again when his power was taken away from him. Then there are tombs of wonderful men, like Dante, also beautiful paintings by Raphael, Titian, and many others. There are many beautiful palaces and other buildings all falling to decay, as Venice is not in her glory now, as she was many years ago. There is the famous Doges' Palace, which was once occupied by sixty doges, or men that had almost as much power as a king over Venice. Here, under the palace, are awful dungeons where many innocent people were put to death in dreadful ways, such as letting the water of the canal creep up to the prisoners by inches, until it surrounded them, and drowned them.

But, putting all those dreadful things away, we think of the time when Venice was the leading city of the world, and the richest. So many beautiful poems have been written about this city that we should think of some when we read about it or visit it.

L. C. D.,
Thirteen years old.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

Do you realize, young readers, how much is required to fill *Every Other Sunday* each number? Take this one. There are in its columns nine poems, seven prose articles containing information or describing interesting subjects; six stories, five quotations, and three pictures, to say nothing of LETTER-BOX and EDITOR'S CHAIR. Although a small paper, it is well packed. Thanks to many kind contributors.

Are you getting ready for vacation? Where do you go? Remember, if by the sea, tell us what you saw; if in the country, what you did; if among the mountains, how you felt. Ask your teacher,—he or she will tell you that there is nothing better for mind-training than to observe, record, and relate. Try it!

To teachers: Have faith in the good seed sown of faithful service.

To pupils: Think back to what was taught, and call up the teachers' friendship.

To all: Never doubt the value of Sunday-school atmosphere, example, and character-building.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour
If our hours were few.
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do.
We should bind our weary and wanton wills
To the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent
With a trust complete.
We should waste no moments in weak regret
If the day were but one,
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free
To work or to pray,
And to be what our Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

OUR FAITH.

[The following papers, of which this is the fourth, were prepared by different writers for the Cambridge (Mass.) First Parish Unitarian Sunday School, and read on successive Sundays to the pupils. We have been favored with a copy of each address, and gladly print them, believing that the good service they have performed at one school can be repeated in many others. The use of "Our Faith" has been widening month by month, until this fine summary of liberal Christian belief is quite familiar to a large number of our Sunday Schools. The five articles in "Our Faith" are as follows:—

The Fatherhood of God.
The Brotherhood of Man.
The Leadership of Jesus.
Salvation by Character.
The Progress of Mankind onward
and upward forever.]

NO. IV. WE BELIEVE IN SALVATION BY CHARACTER.

We can best understand this point of our faith if we consider the meaning of the words themselves.

"Salvation" to-day means a very different thing than it did one hundred years ago. Then it re-

ferred to one's condition in the future life. It was thought then that there was a peculiar method of salvation. All that was necessary was to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and one could be saved. Although there may still be some who have this belief, we Unitarians like to think that salvation is not so much a question of the future state as of here and now. We think that we ourselves are making, day by day, our own future. "Salvation by character" means, to us, becoming the right kind of person.

The word "character" means, in the first place, a graving,—a tool, a sharp tool that will mark on some hard substance. From that it has come to mean the engraving itself; and we think of it that way when we speak of characters of the alphabet. So "salvation by character" means salvation by what we engrave on our own nature, or, as we say, "making our mark in the world."

Everything that we do or think makes a mark upon our nature. It is as if a piece of marble were given to us when we came into the world and we were to engrave upon it. It is in our power to make of it an ugly idol or some beautiful statue. What we make gives an account of what we are. How foolish to break it or make something ugly!

Both mind and body are influenced by what we do, and the face especially soon tells of the kind of character behind it. Have you not seen a fretful face, a deceitful face, a face that you feel sure cannot be trusted? Take the case of a middle-aged man who is intemperate. He did not begin life with the thought of becoming so, but it is the daily yielding to temptation instead of resisting it that makes him so.

So we Unitarians are anxious not so much that you believe this or that, but we try to bring up boys and girls who shall value character. We believe that we are saved by doing day by day the thing that we know to be right to do, and we are sure that doing the right thing one day helps (though it be in some slight way) to do it the next. Thus we engrave our characters. When we do as God commands, then (in the words of the Bible) are we engraving the law upon the tablets of our hearts.

SLAUGHTER.

AN idea of the fearful slaughter of birds that is steadily going on to meet the demands of fashion in feminine adornment may be had from the fact that on the 13th of last April nearly half a million birds were sold at an auction in London. These details of the consignment were given the Selborne Society by Mrs. Edward Phillips: osprey plumes, 11,352 ounces; vulture plumes, 186½ pounds; peacock feathers, 215,051 bundles; birds of paradise, 2,362; Indian parrots, 228,289; bronze pigeons, including the gaura, 1,677; tanagers and sundry birds, 38,198; humming-birds, 116,490; jays and kingfishers, 48,759; impeyan and other pheasant and jungle birds, 4,952; owls and hawks, 7,163. There was a similar sale in February, with others to follow in July and October.

Denver Republican.

LETTER-BOX.

DAVENPORT, IA.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the *Every Other Sunday* and working the puzzles in it. I have made a puzzle, which I hope you will consider worth printing in the paper. I have a twin sister who enjoys reading the paper and working the puzzles as much as I do. We are nearly ten years old.

Yours truly,

ELLA E. PRESTON.

CLIFTON, S.C.

Dear Editor,—As I have read a good many of the letters published in *Every Other Sunday*, I thought I would write one, too. I like to read the letters very much. I shall be thirteen years old the 7th of June. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, unless I am sick; and I also go to day school. My teacher's name is Mr. Lipscomb. I have a cat named Tommy, and a dog named Daisy. They are both very smart. My little dog can ask for water. I live close to the rail-

road, and see all the trains that pass. I have no sisters or brothers, neither dead nor living. As my letter is getting long, I will close for this time.

Your new friend,
ANNIE MAY CANNON.

A TANGLE.

1 A; 7 Es; 1 I; 3 Os; 1 U; 1 D; 1 H; 1 J; 9 Ls; 2 Ms; 1 N; 2 Rs; 4 Ss; 1 V; 2 Ws.

Nineteen of these letters spell the name of an American poet now dead. The remaining letters give the name of another poet, also dead, and an intimate friend of the first. Names given in full. Six initials.
T. H. EDDOWES.

ANAGRAM.

EHT eprie fo domsiw si bevoa ubiers.
LUCY C. SWAN.

CROSS-WORD.

My first is in caught and also in sought.
My second is in airy and also in fairy.
My third is in sand and also in band.
My fourth is in trice and also in slice.
My fifth is in fight and also in bright.
My sixth is in noon and also in soon.
My seventh is in light and also in sight.
My eighth is in hem but never in lem.
My whole is a mineral or a gem, also a flower.

S. I.

ENIGMA XXXV.

I AM composed of 38 letters.
My 1, 11, 15, is the last point.
My 18, 17, 5, is a beam of light.
My 19, 13, 3, 14, to win.
My 6, 21, 17, 4, is to cure.
My 2, 10, 4, 21, is 320 rods.
My 12, 8, 13, 2, 26, is a pair of horses.
My 16, 23, 24, is to mingle.
My 22, 20, 26, 15, is the air in motion.
My 27, 34, 17, 26, is the husk of a ground grain.
My 30, 33, 37, 32, is not east.
My 28, 29, 31, 32, is what one does after work.
My 35, 36, 38, 9, is used to disguise the face.
The whole is our address.

BREWSTER.

ENIGMA XXXVI.

I AM composed of 15 letters, and am the name of a paper which has a very large circulation.
My 1, 14, 3, is a pronoun.
My 6, 11, 10, comes from a tree.
My 7, 2, 4, is a certain kind of a bed.
My 9, 2, 10, is used in the kitchen mostly on Saturday.
My 10, 11, 13, 12, is what very few people are without.
My 9, 14, 3, 4, 5, is part of a human being.
My 5, 8, 4, is not cold.
My 2, 15, is a preposition.

RUTH B. ALLYN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 19.

ENIGMA XXXII. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

ENIGMA XXXIII. Mary French Field.

CHARADE. Curtail.

ANAGRAM. Be truthful, even if others are not.

SOME INTERESTING GATEWAYS.

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 1. Abjugate. | 9. Delegate. |
| 2. Promulgate. | 10. Fumigate. |
| 3. Corrugate. | 11. Irrigate. |
| 4. Navigate. | 12. Variegated. |
| 5. Litigate. | 13. Congregate. |
| 6. Mitigate. | 14. Investigate. |
| 7. Subjugate. | 15. Aggregate. |
| 8. Obligate. | |

Entered as second-class mail matter, Boston.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

The uniform subscription price of *EVERY OTHER SUNDAY* is forty cents a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday Schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools. Twenty-two numbers constitute a volume; publication is suspended in July and August.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

GEO. H. ELIS, PRINTER, BOSTON.